

The Forlorn Damsel.

Well, since there's neither Old nor Young,
will pity on me take,
My passion now doth grow so strong,
I fear my heart will break.
The Tune is, *Moggy's Fealonsie.*



Collins Comp. Cart.

Come pity a Damsel distressed,
all you that have tasted the bliss,
For while you with favours are blessed,
I hardly can meet with a kiss:
Which makes me resolve in my anguish,
in Desarts to take my abode,
For I now in my sorrows do languish,
my Maiden-head is such a load.

Oh! why was I born to such fortune,
as makes me so sadly repine,
There is no young-man so impotune,
as to pity these sorrows of mine:

Now must I be forc'd to complain,
to some stranger that travels the Road,
To ease all my sorrow and pain,
since my Maiden-head is such a load.

By night I with dreams am tormented,
supposing I am at the Game,
But waking am so discontented,
that I my hard fortune do blame:
Then I sit sighing and sobbing,
and send forth my wishes abroad,
My heart is e'ne broken with throbbing,
since, &c.

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All you that are happy by talking,
 that which I do so much desire,
 See how I lye paining and wasting;
 consuming by amorous fire:
 There's none that is moved with pity,
 while plainly my folly is shew'd,
 And I sing this sorrowful Ditty,
 That my Maiden-head is a great load

This burthen cannot be endured,
 but under it sadly I groan,
 Yet little hope have to be cured,
 since I am distressed alone:
 There's many that neber saw twenty,
 that in pleasure live in their abode,
 Who say to me, do not torment me,
 though your Maiden-head be a great
 (load.

But by them I cannot be ruled,
 my passion's so violent strong,
 For neber was any so fooled,
 that liued a Maiden so long;
 But I must and I will haue a man,
 that with me shall make his abode,
 For let me do all that I can,
 Still my Maiden-head, &c.

How happy are you that are Married,
 and taste of Loves joys when you please,
 With patience too long have I tarry'd,
 till longing hath bred a Disease:
 More loathsome to me then the Venom,
 of Serpent or poysonous Toad,
 The young-men, the Devil is in um,
 to let me lye under this load.

And now to conclude my sad Ditty,
 some lusty young Lad come away,
 And a poore Maide take some pity,
 whose Vitals begin to decay:
 For want of those pleasant delights,
 that to others are commonly shew'd,
 I pine both by days and by nights,
 since my Maiden-head is such a load.

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